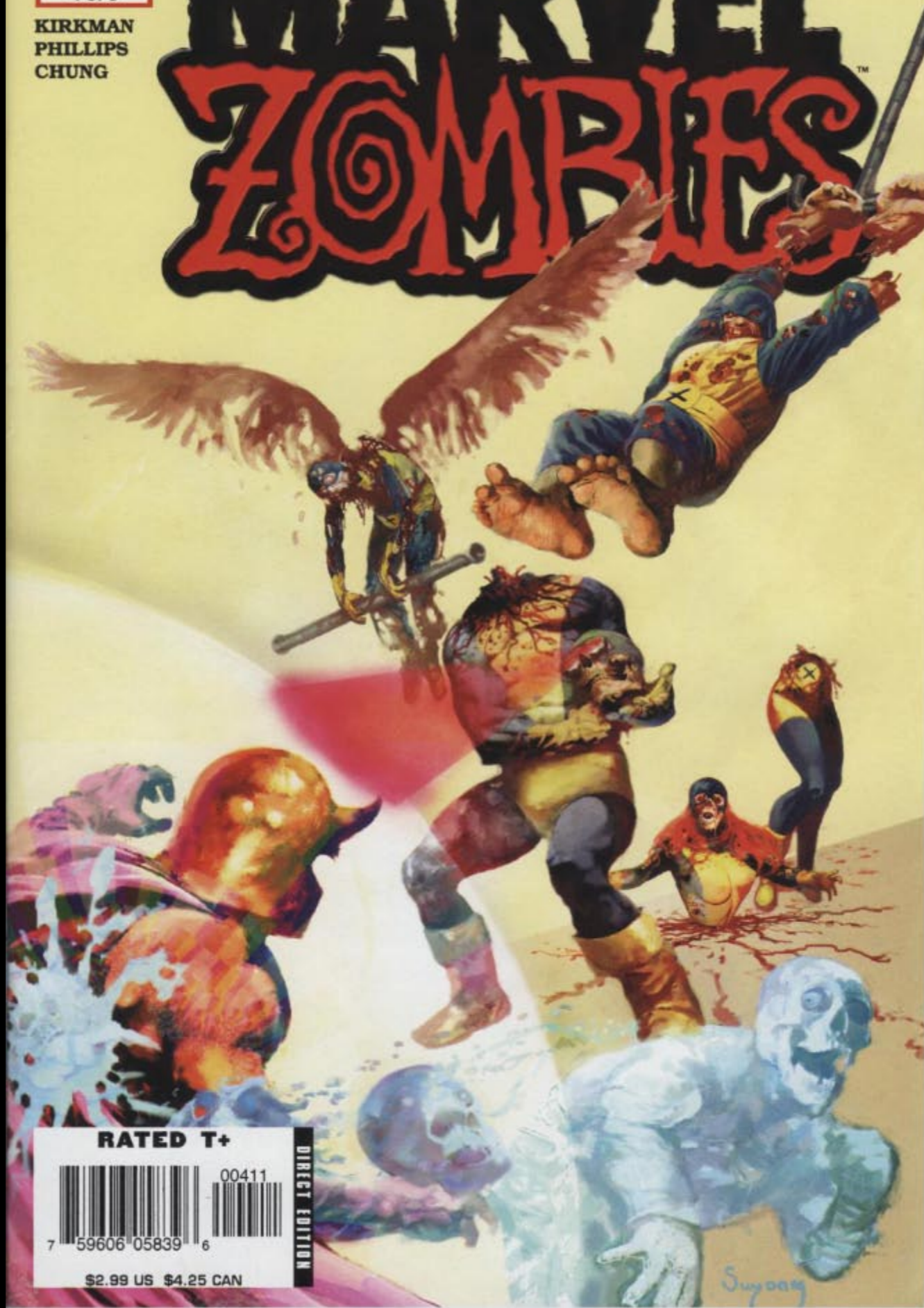


**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES  
4 of 5

KIRKMAN  
PHILLIPS  
CHUNG

# MARVEL ZOMBIES



**RATED T+**



7 59606 05839 6

\$2.99 US \$4.25 CAN

DIRECT EDITION

It started with a flash in the sky,  
and a ripple through the clouds.  
The hunger is what brought it  
here--and feed it did, until the  
Marvel Heroes were no more.

They were replaced by soulless  
monsters, driven only by an  
insatiable hunger for human flesh.

After they ran out of food, Reed  
Richards devised a plan to lure his  
counterpart from another dimension  
into a deadly trap. Thanks to  
Magneto, who had managed to stay  
uninfected, Reed's plan failed, leaving  
him and the rest of the Zombified  
Fantastic Four stranded  
in another dimension.

Magneto has destroyed  
the machine that allowed  
their passage to that  
other reality--an action  
he paid for--with his life.

The Silver Surfer appeared in  
the skies above the zombies  
to inform them that Galactus  
is on his way, and will devour  
Earth and everything  
on it. They didn't care.

Shortly before Galactus arrived,  
they overpowered the Surfer and  
ate him...each gaining a portion of  
his power cosmic in the process.  
Now Galactus is here--and he  
has no idea what he's in for.

This is no world of Marvel Heroes.

This is the world of:

# MARVEL ZOMBIES

## PART 4 OF 5

**ROBERT KIRKMAN**    **SEAN PHILLIPS**  
WRITER                      ARTIST

**JUNE CHUNG**    **VC'S RANDY GENTILE**  
COLOR ART                      LETTERER

**DEBORAH WEINSTEIN**  
PRODUCTION

**NICOLE WILEY BOOSE & JOHN BARBER**  
ASSISTANT EDITORS

**RALPH MACCHIO**    **JOE QUESADA**  
EDITOR                      EDITOR IN CHIEF

**DAN BUCKLEY**  
PUBLISHER

**ARTHUR SKYDAM**  
AFTER JACK KIRBY  
COVER



Marvel Zombies No. 4, May, 2006. Published Monthly in April by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand. Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Malinove, Advertising Director, at jmalinove@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.





How are we gonna defeat this guy?!

I mean-- just look at him!



I'm with *Cage* on this one. This guy seems a bit out of our league! Especially now that *Reed* and *The Fantastic Four* are in that other dimension.



You can go hide under a *rock* for all I care--but I'm not giving up until a chunk of *flesh* from that giant is in my *gut*.



Exactly!



We'll *find* a way to defeat him. His size is what should make us *want* to do this!

The *bigger* they are the longer it takes to *eat* all of them!

Now follow *my lead!* In case you've forgotten-- we've got cosmic powers of our *own!*



Give him everything you've got! Don't let up until he's on his back and we're ripping pieces off him!



I admire your resolve--it is a trait I have come to note among the denizens of *few* of the planets I have consumed.

Galactus has devoured *countless* worlds and battled *armadas* in the process. Your assault is little more than a nuisance.

This conflict will be at its inevitable *end* very soon.



He's bluffing--don't let up! We're bound to find a weak spot sooner or later!



I'm not so sure, Hank! I don't think we're causing him a lick of pain!



it told you jerks we couldn't--

**CRAP!**

**UZOOOSH!!**



That's it! I'm out of here! I don't know about you guys--but I don't have much more body to lose and I doubt any of us could survive having what's left of our bodies vaporized!



I'm calling it a day, too!! And I'm also putting in a vote for Tony as team leader!

Or anyone else who wants to lead us away from this thing!



Fine. Fine!!

Fall back so we can regroup!



Hulk want to eat purple man--but not want to die!

Hulk not fight purple man alone!



We all want to eat him, Hulk. That's what we do now. We're going to go someplace where we can come up with a plan and then we're going to try again.



It doesn't look like he's following us.



Of course. He's here to eat the planet--not *us*. We stopped being worthy of his attention the second we stopped trying to prevent him from achieving his goal.



Where to now?



We go to my lab--we can work there--find a way to hurt him. That's what we need.

Follow me.



Pym still has lab? Hulk not see Pym in lab since hunger take over.



I've kept it *secret* until now--but I need something that's in it, or else I'm not going to be able to work long enough to find a way to defeat *Galactus*.



You'll understand when we get there.



What's wrong?



Ugh.



The adrenaline from the fight has worn off--I assume we ate? It's all a blur for me. I imagine once I become hungry again I'll revert back to the Hulk.

Until then... you're stuck with puny, dead Banner.



Actually, Banner is exactly what we need right now.



This way.





Lh...Is that Janet's body?



I think you'll all agree--desperate times call for desperate measures. I can explain everything--just give me a second.



And again--bear with me here and let me *explain* before you do anything rash.



You see, it's--

What? It's what?



We don't have time to play *games* here, soldier. What was it that you were keeping *secret*?!



Nothing-- --it was *Jan*--I had to kill *Jan*. She attacked me and there was nothing I could do-- that was it.



Elsewhere in the city...

You're not one of them-- you're not a zombie!

I am the Black Panther. I can understand how you could think I *was* infected--given my present condition...but yes, I am *alive*...for now.



We thought there were no living left-- we thought *we* were the last ones.



Surprise-- you're *not*.



It's a *trick!* He's *working* with them! Just *look* at him! Why else would he be carrying that head?!



He's *right*--this is a trap. We need to kill him and get out of here! We need to find Magneto and get back to Asteroid M before we're found!



Say the word, Cortez, and I'll take his head *clean* off!



We don't know anything *about* this man! Nobody do anything!



Screw you, Cortez! I'm taking him out before we're *all* killed!!







Whatever this Asteroid M is-- if they can't *get* to it--I want *on* it. As you said, I was only defending myself. I pose no threat to you.

I just want to get *away* from this place.

Of course we will take you with us. I couldn't live with myself if I left another human being *alive* down here--knowing the inevitable.



Thank you for being understanding. I will find a way to repay you.



But, Cortez--!!



Not another *word*, do you understand? We are all that is *left*. To ensure the survival of our *species* we're going to need *all* the help we can *get*!



Fine. Let's put this thing out of its *misery* and then we'll get back up to the Asteroid.



*No*, that is Janet Van Dyne, the *Wasp* and my *friend*. She will come to the Asteroid *with* us.

Under supervision she will not be a threat.





We've been here for *days*-- do you think they're going to figure something out before that giant eats the planet?

Let's just let the big brains think and do their thing. Do you have a *seven*?

Go fish.

Stark, Banner, and Pym are working together on this. They're some of the brightest minds on the planet. They're not going to let us get eaten.



Why is it you still wear that thing anyway? The *mask*. It's ripped all to shreds and it's not like you've got any kind of secret identity. So why bother?



The hunger--the way it is-- I know I would do it again *right now* if I had the chance. That's just the way things *are now*.

But after doing it--after eating my *wife* and *aunt*, the only two people *left* in this world that really *loved* me...after knowing what I've *become*...I couldn't ever look myself in the mirror-- and I don't want to *chance* it.



Right--forget I *asked*, you *sissy*. You got any *jacks*?



Just wanted to let you kids know--he's *back*.



He's *back*?





Vibranium--fresh from *Wakanda*... probably the last mined and refined Vibranium ever *made*.

And let me tell you--Wakanda has seen better days. Also, you wouldn't believe how fast we can fly now that we have that Surfer's powers--I swear I was going faster than the Quinjet ever could.



This is perfect. Between this and the crystals we took from Strange's sanctuary, the stuff from the Baxter Building and what we stole from Castle Doom in Latveria--we've got *everything* we need.



Oh, *God!!* I can feel the *hunger* taking over again--I'm *turning!*



Well, *do it*, you fool! We need your help.



Ugh-- I hate this!



Agh--there we go--that's a *juicy* one.



Oh, *Jeez*--when did he start doing *that*?!

Right after you started going out gathering supplies for us. We got the idea after those pieces of the Surfer fell out of me when we first arrived at the lab.

I've been constantly re-eating those bits since we got here. It's doing a *remarkable* job of fighting off the *hunger*.



I've been doing it, too--we all have--except for Spider-Man and Luke Cage--they say their bodies are messed up *enough*.

It's not *perfect*. This sickness we all have has made our insides so acidic that we practically dissolve everything we eat--so these pieces get a little bit smaller every time we eat them.



But it's kept me from turning into *the Hulk*--and it's helped us all keep our wits about us so we can do our work.



Give me a *knife*--I'm trying that *right now*.



No--don't bother. We don't have *time*, we need to get the *amplifier* assembled. Besides, by now the morsels in your belly must be completely dissolved.



Now help us get this thing assembled--I'm anxious to see if it works. If we hurry we could be over in Times Square taking that monster down by *nightfall*.

I'm ready for *fresh* meat!





Asteroid III



We were *lucky* this time. Another expedition down to the planet would be too risky. We must assume the worst and wait for Magneto to contact us again.

We can't hold out hope that he's survived-- it's just *too* unlikely.



Welcome back. I couldn't really make out everything you said on your com during the return trip--you couldn't find Magneto but you found someone *else*?

I suppose this is him.



Hello.



Name's Reynolds, Science Guy--*oh my God!* you brought back a specimen!



I can't *wait* to examine you! Can you guys imagine what we could *learn* from this?

We could find a *cure*.



She is my friend and you will treat her with *respect*, despite her present condition...



Hand her over, Panther. We had an agreement. Reynolds isn't going to *hurt* her--he's going to try to *cure* her.

Those are my terms--otherwise we'll shoot it out of an air lock.



Careful with her--she's a biter.

I can see that.



Hendricks.

Yes, sir.



Once our new member gets settled in and cleaned up, I'd like you to give him the full tour of this place. Answer any of his questions--make him feel at home.



I'd be happy to.



Before I go on a tour of this place--I'd like to try and figure out a more **efficient** way to get around. This crutch isn't going to work forever.

I'm confident we can fix something up for you. We have *vast* resources onboard the Asteroid.



Actually, I think I can help out with that. I recognize you, but I don't know if you recognize *me*, Black Panther.

My name is *Forge*.



I know a thing or two about prosthetic limbs.



I can see that.



There are others here on the Asteroid too, there're twelve of us in total--including *you*. I'll make sure you meet everyone.

The city



It looks like they might actually be doing some *damage*. That Galactus fella looks *hurt*--at least a *little* bit.

Good--then that means he can *be* hurt. This might actually *work*!



Just a few more adjustments... almost there.



It's *space god* on the menu tonight!



Spider-Man! We're almost ready--get over here! This won't work if we don't all fire at the same time!



Like I say--we've all got to fire at the same time--if not--it won't work. And we've probably only got *one* shot at this, so we've got to make it count.



NOW!!

UZAP!!



To be continued...